

It's lost a time to lye  
Into his world you climb  
A crossing has its high  
It's orientation time  
Delights to dance or die  
Some others pain to try  
Smoke tricks the slave men die  
It's orientation time

Distance lays shifted eyes  
Crossed mountain off the sly  
From lips once bitten time  
It's orientation time  
So lost the time to try  
All of my life boxed time  
Raw voice in reason chimes  
Disorientations

Bleeding eyes don't see it  
It's luring it, don't warn it

Feelings feel like blood  
Underneath the homicide  
Underneath the blood  
From the ugly underside of...